In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged mith our chiefest horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pesants,
Whom their orecloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesope, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw *A*rchers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
*A*maze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
*A*fter the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.
King. *A* thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
*A*duance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew, rescew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
King. *A* horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say *A*men to all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo